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VOL. XLV.

NO. IX.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Tum mens graia torcet, nomen laudesque VALENTIS
Cantabunt Scholæ, undecumque PATRIS."

JUNE, 1880.

NEW HAVEN:
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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Fifth Volume with the number for October, 1879. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLV.

JUNE, 1880.

No. 9.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '81.

PHILIP G. BARTLETT,

JOHN C. COLEMAN,

JOSEPH D. BURRELL,

SHERMAN EVARTS,

ADRIAN S. VAN DE GRAAFF.

A THOUGHT IN RETROSPECT.

I WAS twenty-one last month. I am about to incur, I fear, the scorn which is the portion of the college sentimentalist, when I confess that the anniversary has filled me with reflections which have left me even in these most joyous days of the year, thoughtful and sad. I know that in itself it is of little import. I do not feel myself less of a boy this month than last, this year than last. But it marks a great period of life as definitely closed. It rouses me to the discovery that for me golden years have passed without my gathering to the full of their treasures. It makes me to feel with a keener sense of loss that I have not wrought out the best that was in me, that I am far beneath my ideal, that for me life has thus far been a failure. Just awakening to its meaning and its duties, just coming to a perception of the inexorable laws which govern it, I look back with a yearning and a despair inexpressible upon these imperfect, wasted years, and upon my blighted self. Over the days of my boyhood that have but just passed from me, even in the opening dawn of manhood, my heart answers to the words of the poet:

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Ah, sad and strange, as in dark summer dawns,
The earliest pipe of half awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square,
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Yes, sad and strange, and "wild with all regret," these days of youth that are no more. There is nothing deeper, nothing more full of awe in this human life, as it has come to me, than this—which like life itself never grows trite—of that Past which is our very selves, with the irrevocableness, all its joys and sorrows and errors, errors of ignorance and of necessity, as well as those of will, each one of which must yet live on in us through all time. We can not live over our lives, we can not profit by the wisdom we have so dearly bought, often we can not even commend it to others. Yet how blind and how helpless we seem, how moulded by influence of birth and early environments, how subject to slightest whim, or lightest chance, how governed by laws of whose very existence we are in ignorance! But not of this, nor of my own peculiar boyhood, do I wish to write, although I have sometimes thought that college writing would be stronger, and college conversation of more meaning and worth if we did not go so far out of ourselves for topics. Looking back over my life, I have seemed to see forces at work in it, general in their scope. To these I would ask your thoughts.

Have you never felt a sense of loss in reading Tom Brown's *School Days*? Imperfect as is the American life and education, there is no more fatal evidence of their weakness, than in that we can none of us here realize the life of this book, however much we may appreciate its spirit. There is no such hearty, noble boyhood in this country as is given its type in Tom Brown. There is no such recognition here as in England of the importance of school life and training. Tom Brown is eight years at Rugby—three at Oxford. At Rugby his character is formed; at Rugby Arthur too feels those influences which make him a boy among boys, a man among

men, instead of the mere book-worm. To Rugby and to their master there, as to one another both are bound by ties far closer than any of their college years. And Tom Brown and Rugby are but our familiar types of a system. The names of Eton and Harrow as well as that of Rugby are heard wherever those of Oxford and Cambridge are known, and these are but the chief of a great body of public schools whose pupils, numbered by hundreds, carry up to the universities the training of years of school life, and acquirements, which, not merely in the classics, but in the mathematics as well, equal if they do not surpass those of graduates of our best American colleges. For unlike as is the English system to the German, both agree in differing from the American, in assigning much more work to the years of boyhood. In the great public schools of England, as in the gymnasia of Germany, under the restraints and discipline of a school, is given all that rigorous drill, only much more rigorous, and of better results, which here is attached to Freshman and Sophomore years. In them men receive their mental equipment and discipline. They go to the university, free in great degree to follow their own bent, for the acquirement of a culture and knowledge, broader and deeper and more productive of true scholarship than can be yielded by any scheme of enforced study which it is possible to devise. And essentially in this, as it seems to me, their superiority lies. Discipline is assigned to that time of life in which it is most needed and most effective. It is aided by the perfection of method and execution. But it is not protracted into years in which it can only dwarf the growth it seeks to regulate, and scope is left for that free development of which so many of us feel the lack here. I do not think that I over-state the facts in saying that the great body of thinking men among us are disappointed and dissatisfied as they draw to the end of the course. There is, to be sure, an abiding conviction that Yale is better off than Harvard with all her electives and voluntary recitations—common patriotism requires this. But on all sides we meet the admission, indirect if not

outspoken, that Yale is not what we had thought her; not what we would have her; not what she is easily capable of becoming.

Men can not feel that their course has made them more scholarly, or even very much widened their knowledge. They find that the classics after years of study, still remain, so far as the enjoyment of them is concerned, a sealed book. They chafe at the restraints of their school-boy subjection to marks; they fret at the narrowness of the optional system, when of a dozen important studies under the leading professors of the college, but one can be taken. The argument that the end of the college is simply discipline does not satisfy men, who realizing that these are their last years of purely liberal study, contrast the narrowness of their attainments with the largeness of their needs, as they are led to do before the paper offering choice of optionals. They call the first two years wasted, and advocate the abolition of the classics as required studies. They demand an extension of the optional system, more liberal studies. They declaim against the marking system, and ask for more lectures. But not in any of these, nor in all of them will the advance that is sought be found. We can not strengthen or broaden a building from the top—the foundation must be first secured. So long as Freshman classes are what they have been, so long as men come to college with the attainments and the untrained minds of children, so long must it be the part of the college to enforce discipline and thoroughness, even at the apparent sacrifice of learning and culture.

A real advance can come only from the schools. There is abundant room for it. That our present school system is incompetent is evidenced in its bare results. We are eighteen years in acquiring that slender pittance of Latin, Greek and common English branches which we bring to college. In truth we can scarcely be said to have a school system. Our colleges are numbered by the score, but schools preparatory to college are few indeed. There is not one of any repute outside of New

England. There are whole states in which it is impossible to attain a suitable fit for Harvard or Yale, save at the hands of a private tutor. Even of the New England schools there are but two which have developed for themselves a recognized character, and shown the capacity to fill their true place. The others appear to yield to the general tendency to set the college above all things else. They claim for themselves no independent importance—they do not aim at the development of a distinctive school life, with all those influences more powerful for good, as the fellowship of those who share it is closer and they themselves purer, than those of college life. Their one aim is to fit men for college, and not even this in its best sense, not to prepare them for the best use of the four years' course, but for the mere passing of the entrance examination. No more than this is often expected of them. A large number of their pupils take but a single year; few more than two. Their standard of instruction is low; there are radical defects of method, especially in the classics. No effort is made to apply that approved by the experience of the Germans; prose composition is grossly neglected, sight translation, the colloquial use of the language almost unthought of.

Such is the condition of the schools of New England. Of the high schools which replace them in the West, with their theory and practice of co-education, their utter superficiality, their high-flown essays and orations, their lofty scorn of athletics, I will not venture to express myself. I will rather pass from the dreary review of that which is, to the vision of that which I hope to see. I would have the schools holding such a place in this country as in England. I would have them impart the intellectual training of the gymnasia, the generous physical culture and noble spirit of the English Rugby. I would have them send men to colleges—no longer training schools, but universities. This, I know, is but a vision. But I can not believe it one incapable of fulfillment. Nor can I think it a sufficient answer to the demand for progress toward its attainment, to plead the youth of our

institutions. We do not need to develop a system. We succeed full-born to the treasures of the ages. The wealth, the literature, the arts of the old world are ours. Why can not the rarer treasures of its education and its culture, which are the door to the enjoyment of these, be ours also? Surely there is room for good work and noble lives in the development of the American school, and in this, of American higher education.

AN AFTERNOON OF TENNYSON.

Through avenues of leaves that arched
In softly rustling domes o'erhead,
The slowly drifting clouds I watched
While you aloud an Idyl read.

You thought I listened to your words ;
You might perhaps have felt surprise
To know I listened to the birds,
And painted pictures in the skies.

In radiant white on background blue
Majestic palaces uprose,
And oft before my fancy grew
Tall castles made from drifting snows.

I watched these towards the sunset creep,
And saw white mists their tops enfold,
I watched bright colors o'er them sweep,
And saw their marble turn to gold.

And while I made you still believe
I heard, I watched your color rise ;
I saw your bosom gently heave,
And read the poem—from your eyes.

Be not provoked. Do you suppose
Geraint with Enid by his side,
Gave heed to any thoughts but those
Of her he longed to make his bride.

B. J.

THE DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.

Human Happiness as Affected by the Progress of Learning.

BY JOHN ARNOLD AMUNDSON, ROCHESTER, MINN.

THE rapid irresistible advance of learning in all directions is the striking fact of the times. A fact that enters so largely into the lives of men cannot be neutral. It must tend either to further or to hinder happiness. The discussion of its precise influence becomes, therefore, a matter of growing vital importance.

Different men are happy from such a variety of causes, and even with the same men the causes vary so greatly in different periods and conditions of life, that happiness is best defined as a state of consciousness in which there is a surplus of agreeable feeling. The phrase "progress of learning," again, in its broadest and truest import, embraces two distinct but complementary ideas: first, the growth in capacity and efficiency of the intellect of man as distinguished from his emotions and will; second, the constant accumulation of more varied and more perfect intellectual products.

The intellect is essentially an instrument and depends, for all sustained and fruitful activity at least, on the prompting of the feelings and the guidance of the will. Unless we assume, then, that men in general and in the long run, with a moral nature impelling them to seek the right and the good, can desire and will to their own hurt, we are constrained to affirm that the discoveries of science, for instance, must either lessen labor and pain and increase happiness or be of no practical effect. Moreover, it is not alone the absence of desire that serves to prevent a widespread adoption of harmful and useless discoveries, but there is in society a certain fixity that can be relied on to resist such changes in the established order as will not

on the whole be beneficial. On *a priori* grounds, then, we may say that learning, as it progresses, makes for happiness.

But the subject demands a special consideration. How does advancing knowledge produce this result? With what drawbacks is it attended? First, the progress of learning secures more and more the conditions of happiness. Before the happy life, there must be life itself. Without a measure of assurance that life will be safe, happiness is out of the question. Security from premature destruction, then, is a prime condition. Obtaining with tremendous difficulty only a bare subsistence, aboriginal man lived in constant danger of being starved, devoured, murdered, slain in battle, or overwhelmed by the unsubdued forces of nature. The mediæval man held his life at the mercy of disease, famine, pestilence, and war. Contrast with this the security of life enjoyed by the average citizen of the world's most civilized state to-day. By reason of the vast accumulation of wealth and the facilities for its rapid production and distribution, starvation is an impossibility. Society is so organized as to render death by violence a remote contingency. Pestilence no longer stalks at will. Through the advance of medicine and sanitary reform and the application of anæsthetics, disease and physical pain are being minimized both in extent and intensity. With every mechanical improvement, man is less taxed for subsistence and the necessities of life. Railroad and steamer enable him even to choose his environment. The forces of nature and of destruction minister to him who was once their slave.

But not only has knowledge, in its advance to what we see it at present, given man an enormously greater security of life and the possibility of lengthened days, but it has favored a mental security equally important as a condition to happiness. He no longer sees an avenging divinity in every stone and shrub and cloud. The abject slavish fear once felt by whole communities in the presence of pestilence and famine is rarely, if ever, and then but momentarily, experienced now from any cause. In-

stead has come the confident security of the master whom danger and obstacle stimulate, not paralyze.

The next condition to happiness is that every man shall be free to pursue it in his own way—that he shall have all freedom of thought, utterance, and action not inconsistent with the exercise of a like freedom by others. What air is to the lungs, freedom is to the intellect. An instrument so potent in whatever direction applied, shall we not assign to intellect the highest place in the working out of its own salvation? Or, without pretending to determine to what extent the intellectual factor has entered into the acquisition of political liberty, its transcendent importance to the preservation of that liberty is not to be denied.

Correlative with freedom of activity should be security of the fruits of activity. So far as is consonant with the discharge of his duties as a citizen, every man should be free to dispose of the products of his labor as, in the pursuit of his own happiness, he may best see fit. He should not be allowed to suffer from incendiarism, robbery, or any unjust transfer of his property, nor be compelled to bear an unequal share in the support of government. From the progress of an enlightened statesmanship, much as it has done in the past, must come the realization in its perfection of this condition.

But while insuring more and more the conditions of happiness—bodily and mental security, freedom of activity, and security of the fruits of activity—the progress of learning also increasingly facilitates access to certain vantage-grounds for the pursuit of happiness. Such a vantage-ground is wealth, as manifested in its power to command the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries of life. In no respect, perhaps, has knowledge shown more striking progress or done more lasting service to human happiness than in the invention of myriads of ingenious machines for lessening human labor and accelerating the production of wealth. And by submitting to the conditions which knowledge imposes, no line of endeavor is sooner rewarded than that which has wealth for its object.

Power, influence and sway over men, is a vantage-

ground that has been striven for in all ages. There is gratification in the mere possession of power, there is pleasure in its simple exercise, but when it commands the esteem of men, the applause of assemblies, or the plaudits of a people, there comes the ecstasy of triumph. But whether from pulpit, bench, or bar; from platform or senate-chamber; from editor's chair or author's desk; from general's tent or the halls of state; whencesoever this power is wielded, its strength is the strength of intellect and its lasting success is proportioned to its strength.

The vantage-ground of intellectual culture, while instilling a feeling of conscious power and dignity, secures some of the most unalloyed enjoyments that life affords. So great are the delights of intellectual conquest that Lessing preferred the pursuit of truth to its complete possession. Unlike the pleasures of sense, those of intellect are not limited by time and circumstance. They admit of endless representation, may be indefinitely shared, and in the sharing receive increase.

Last I name the vantage-ground of health. Upon health attend hope, courage, and lightness of heart. Indeed, so agreeable are the sensations connected with mere healthy activity, that Aristotle defined pleasure as "the perfection of an active function," and Spencer affirms even that "happiness consists in the due exercise of functions." The progress of sanitary science has been a progress fraught with blessings to human kind.

Crowning and completing its influence in securing the conditions of happiness and assisting to certain vantage-grounds for its attainment, the progress of learning makes positive contributions to happiness in daily augmenting the number, the variety, and the range of gratifications possible to the race. The productive efficiency of machinery causes continually greater luxuries to descend and spread among lower and lower ranks of society. In home comforts, farmers and artisans have risen to the plane once occupied by kings. The range of gratification extends from the child's toy to the sublimest cosmical conceptions of the highest intellects. The life

of to-day is something more than mere duration—three score years and ten is not its measure. But multiply three score and ten by the quality of modern life and you have a life worth hundreds of 'the lives once lived by men.

Along with this high development of products that serve to gratify has been the proportionate development of the capacity to be gratified. The capacity for suffering has, indeed, developed equally, but to have enormously diminished the causes whence suffering comes is one of the glories of progressive knowledge. The point that I wish to make now, however, is: The same cause may produce, in different persons, very unequal amounts of gratification, and if you double a man's capacity to enjoy, you double his enjoyment. Hence arises the common experience of a growing appreciation, as years advance, of things that in the meantime have not changed. Familiar objects constantly reveal new beauties. The race as a whole has had a like experience. A glorious landscape raises quite different emotions in a savage and a man of culture. So that in the mere increase of capacity to enjoy there has resulted an absolute addition to the amount of enjoyment received.

The tendency of the progress of learning, then, in its relation to human happiness, is threefold: first, to decrease the amount of pain and suffering; second, to increase the gratifications of life; and third, by developing a greater capacity, to enable men to extract more enjoyment from old sources.

I used the word "tendency" because certain elements enter in to diminish or neutralize the full effect. The advantages of progress are, no doubt, reduced by the social friction that it produces. But the evils resulting from this, being always either local or temporary or both, are not at all to be compared with the 'great positive gain.

Again, there are those who will not practically accept the benefits of progress, but, as fast as they are bestowed, throw them away, and then rail at progress because their

condition is not bettered. Such is the attitude, in some countries, of the lower classes. Whenever, by the invention of new processes, articles consumed by them are directly cheapened, instead of saving the amount of the cheapening as capital or of raising their standard of living by that amount, these classes either absolutely squander it or so increase their own numbers that the advantage is destroyed. Clearly, the progress of learning is not responsible, if, under these circumstances, their condition is not improved. The offer of help is made, but they spurn it. It is defect of character that keeps them as they are.

Objection has been brought against the very nature of intellectual progress. Mr. Mallock insists that the growing "self-consciousness" of the race will be the source of untold wretchedness. He seems to imagine that the more fully man comes to know his place in the universe and his relations to it and to comprehend the sources of pain and evil to avoid them, and the sources of joy and good to pursue them, the more *unhappy* he will be. He points sadly to the unquestionable fact that things that once delighted the race no longer do so. But in this he only shows that he fails to conceive the true nature of happiness as relative. If man progresses or changes in any respect whatever, the causes of happiness must necessarily change. Mr. Mallock does not prove the vital decay of those truths whose infinite adaptability to the needs of man with all his progressiveness is the stamp of their divinity. The advances of science, soberly viewed, proclaim and exalt God. Mr. Mallock thinks that the realization of his insignificance will make man sad. The man who ignorantly and conceitedly thought that he was the largest object in the world was indeed small, but the man whose mind can approach to a comprehension of the universe as it is and the majestic sweep of the laws that govern it, is truly great. He has cause to rejoice. Is the pride and self-gratulation of the XIXth century, in the very midst of this "intense self-consciousness," the token of despondency?

Lastly, it is objected that with every extension of learning new wants and new desires arise. Pessimists dwell much upon the misery that comes from vain desire. The force of this objection is destroyed by three considerations. First, a great deal of this desire is but an expression of the healthy discontent that makes any progress whatever possible. Even less than the friction of progress does this bear comparison with the resulting gains. Second, the progress of learning tends to define more and more the limits of the possible and the impossible and thus to restrain vain desire and vainer effort. *Ignes fatui*, of which the alchemists' dream and perpetual motion are types, have undoubtedly made miserable many lives. But advancing knowledge dispels such illusions and saves from idle pursuit. Third, so far as this vain desire comes from a diseased condition of body or mind, not excess of knowledge, but ignorance of the laws of health, that knowledge reveals, is its cause.

All study of the progress of learning discloses more and more clearly the fact that sin and weakness of character are the great obstacles to human happiness. Learning is powerless to remedy this defect. It must bide the growth of a higher morality before it can demonstrate to the full its power to make men happier.



"THE INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY."

THE rise of the Lake School of poets marked a new era in the history of poetry. Tired of the artificial meters of Dryden and Pope, weary of endless rehearsals of out-worn myths and sick of pages of allusion to classical literature and geography, the poetic minds, whose residence made the region about the northern lakes hallowed ground, turned to nature, who had made their home beautiful, and found in her the inspiration of their verse. They were rejected by the public and scorned by

the reviews, yet they held loyally to their ideas and created a literature of prose and poetry which has been to the nineteenth century, amid its deserts of materialism and commonplace, a fountain of clear waters.

Wordsworth was the high priest of the new faith, and in his *Ode on Immortality* the poetry of the school and perhaps of the century reached its highest level. In it we have the happiest illustration of his poetic theory. Not a single classical allusion mars its simplicity, nor is scientific or text-book knowledge the key required to unlock its mysteries. Its language is simple, its imagery the most familiar. Its poetic structure is finished, indeed, but irregular, and totally free from any suggestion of artificiality. The whole poem springs out of common life, with no intervention of rule or text-book to stereotype its form or to wither its freshness. 'Tis a poem about simple things. Boyhood's vision of nature; the glory and the freshness of the spring-tide, the birth of the child, the years of infancy, the recollections that reach beyond the time of birth, the joys of May, the thoughts which spring from nature: these are the subjects which occupy the poet.

Yet its simplicity is but the pure white robe which falls gracefully about the majestic outlines of its thought; for the poem moves onward with a stately grace which has perhaps been unequalled since Milton built his "lofty rhyme." The measure is changeful, now short, now long, now falling in measured cadences, again flowing on with line after line of self-forgetful rhythm, yet never trivial or weak or beneath the dignity of its subject. The theme changes from nature to child and from child to nature with variations which at the surface seem but fitful; yet beneath runs an undercurrent of thought moving steadily forward and guiding with natural sequences the course of the poem.

We have not here the sweet rhythm of Shelley or of Byron; their liquid music flows on levels beneath the height of this. It is philosophy clothed in the graceful robes of poetry. The poet is looking into the deepest

mysteries of human existence. His verse takes us back to the mysterious hours of infancy and bids us find in their glorious innocence and joy the intimation, never more grandly expressed, that

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."

Who but Wordsworth could ever have written that impassioned address to the "little child," perhaps the most splendid passage of the poem? The sublimity of his conception reaches the divine inspiration of the prophets of olden time, when he turns to the infant with the lines:

"Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage ; thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind."

The last third of the ode is a triumphant song, exulting in the intimations of immortality which we find in

"Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day ;"

in the certainty of faith with which our mortal weakness turns to

"—the primal sympathy,
Which having been, must ever be ;"

and it is with a sacred commingling of joy and sorrow whose depth of tender meaning we cannot fathom and before which we must ponder with reverent silence, that the wonderful poem draws to its close:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

In all this are displayed the characteristic features of Wordsworth. He deals with simple things. His fundamental idea is that every object and every relation, how-

ever common, is instinct with spiritual truth and poetic beauty, and that we do not see these, not at all because they do not exist, but simply because the eye has not been taught to see them. Take a tree, for instance. To a laborer, a good thing to lean against or to sleep under of a hot day. A view true enough in its way, no doubt, but how narrow and elementary as compared with that of the poet who feels the immeasurable forces which are playing through its life, the mystery of its birth and growth, the wide-spreading net-work of roots and fibres which makes the whole earth tributary to its support, nay, who can almost hold converse with a living being who stands proudly in its rooted trunk and tosses gladly its waving branches. The second great idea of Wordsworth is that poetry should be the handmaid of philosophy. He may not object to poetry for its own sake, as in the strains of a Poe or a Byron, wild and unearthly sweet; but he conceives that it has a far higher office. By it may be taught the most exalted lessons of philosophy, and in its measures may flow out, along with imaginative beauties and enchanting rhythm, the deepest truths which can be gathered from the realm of philosophy and religion.

Such are the ideas which lie at the base of Wordsworth's system, and which have produced some of the noblest poetry ever written. Limitations must be put to his theories, no doubt, and some of his attempts must be set down as being the baldest prose; for instance,

"He measured it from side to side,
"Twas two feet long and three feet wide."

Lines which of course expose both his theory and himself to ridicule. But in spite of blemishes like this his poetry rises to heights of power which few in any age have been able to reach.

More than all beside we owe him a large debt, because in an age when the artificial and luxurious life of Paris was sending waves of infidelity rolling over the nations like the sea, he stood firmly for spiritual truth. He dared

to go direct to nature and to the common experiences of humanity for his poetry and his philosophy, and taught his readers that no learning and no culture are necessary for finding the eternal truths by which we live. Borne on strong pinions of faith, he rose high into the clear atmosphere of divine truth, far above the fogs of doubt and fear and unbelief, and with inspired voice he spoke to his time the message from God for which it was hungering. Even to us of a later time his words come with fullness of meaning. Living a life more or less artificial, amid a civilization whose complexities are ten-fold greater than they were a century ago, we look at the walls of brick and stone that shut us in, and the selfish sides of the human life that surges around us; and when faith grows weak and the lamp of spiritual truth burns dim, we may turn to the great high priest of nature and humanity, and man shall seem noble once more, and the common things of life shall be still the revelation of eternal truth; the brooks babble cheerily of hope, the trees whisper gently of the "primal sympathy," the skies veil from us a heaven that may yet be won, and

"Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

M. E.

A WISH.

If e'er the glistening tear-drop showers
Down your face a moment saddened,
Like the dew on drooping flowers
May it leave your sad face brightened.

And may your tears be e'er too few
To still your light and happy laughter—
E'er enough, in breaking through,
For smiles to tell of rainbows after.

B. J.

PAPERS OF THE TEATOTUM CLUB.

No. III.

“WELL,” said Biddle in a tone of quiet resignation, as he sprawled—no, not sprawled—that is far too undignified an action to attribute to this ingenuous youth; not sprawled, but languidly threw himself upon the inviting lounge before the fireplace—fireplace by courtesy.

It is curious the meaning of that little word ‘well.’ It is as versatile as it is powerful, as expressive sometimes as it is meaningless at others. Just at this moment pronounced as it was by our friend Biddle, it meant that he had finished all the arduous duties imposed by his obligations to college work, that he had lighted a cigar, that he had cosily placed himself in the best corner of the lounge in preparation for a peaceful reflection, that he was waiting for his three friends to turn up, and that he wondered why they didn’t come. You may talk about the capabilities of expression of the dead languages, but where can you find in the Greek or Latin classics or even Sanskrit—for I suppose the deader the language, the better—so many, such varied, and such long sentences all expressed in one word of only four letters?

“Ah, how pleasant it is now and then,” continued Biddle, “to rest a moment from the busy whirl of the world and its inhabitants and have a confidential talk with self. Not a very good cigar, this. In fact, one might call it a poor one. I paid ten cents for it and get only one in return, and that a bad one. Ha, that’s pretty good—*cents* and *scent*. I’ll get it off when the others get here. But the trouble is, that when I get *off* anything of that sort they never get *on* to it. Ha, that’s good too. Here comes Chapman. Well, how are you old fellow?”

“Quite well, my friend,” replied Chapman as he laid down his overcoat. “And how dost thou? Art well? Or has that rampant fiend the ague again claimed thee

for his own? Thou look'st sad; a strange melancholy haunts that jovial face. What now? Has some faithless creature of that fickle sex called woman caused thy proud heart to bend in love? Come, tell me boy."

"Don't make an ass of yourself," replied Biddle.

"Is that the only answer in return for my beautiful imitation of the melodramatic air? But why do you smoke such wretched cigars? I declare you will offend, not only the sensitive power of smell, but also the refined taste of our gentle friend Marcou."

"Yes, it is rather a bad cigar. You know it hardly repays one to get a poor cigar. Now, I spent ten cents for this and get only one in return, and that a bad one too." "Oh, Biddle refrain. You certainly have made a poor investment if you expended ten cents for the chance to utter nonsense."

At that moment entered Perkins and Marcou, and it was a happy intrusion, for it would be hard to tell how long the crossfire of puns would have continued with such a stock of ammunition as such words as *cent*, *sent*, *scent*, *sense* and their compounds would have supplied.

"How late you are," remarked Biddle, as the two delinquents came into the room.

"I have heard said," answered Marcou, "that 'Punctuality is the thief of time,' and I always act on that principle. You see, if you are ever on time by an appointment, you invariably have to wait for the other party with whom the appointment is made, and thus you see the applicability of the paraphrase."

"Well," said Perkins, as he took the kettle from its corner and placed it in the middle of the room, "now that we are all here let's have some tea. Has any one read anything lately particularly interesting? For my part my studies have interfered with all the reading that I had planned, and what with other affairs—"

"I imagine that we are all the same way," interrupted Chapman, "I know that I am."

"And so am I," answered the other two.

"Oh, of course I have looked at something here and

there in a desultory way," said Perkins, "but nothing has received my undivided attention. I chanced to look at some of De Quincey's works the other day. He is a charming writer. He wanders on in the most delightful way, and when you have read an essay on any subject with which he has chosen to title it, you have read a little about everything else. That after all is the essence of a charming style, the ease with which an author can bring in allusions from every source; and even if he has not expressed the allusions they suggest to his mind some thought, some expression which he weaves into the work with an additional charm of its own. Such a writer must have a mind full to overflowing—a sort of mental bric-a-brac shop where every trade, every art is represented by the expressions of its most delicate and careful workmanship."

"And yet he is a powerful, a very powerful writer. The vividness with which he describes his dreams and visions from the use of opium, is enough to make one's hair stand on end," said Chapman.

"Et vox faucibus—"

"Oh, Marcou, will you keep your stale Latin quotations to yourself," said Chapman, as he cut him off in one of his choicest.

"Yes," said Perkins, "but he must have had, and, as we know by his 'Confessions,' he did have the most frightful visions to describe. They were no descriptions in fiction, those 'Confessions;' they were actual facts which simply related in the plainest way would be horrible. Now Poe's stories were born from the brain of a madman, and they took more or less the form of actualities in his mind. It seems to me that for a sane man to describe vividly the pictures of the imagination is a far more difficult task than for one who lives in them, whose existence is almost made from them. Of course his descriptions are powerful, but there is not so much credit due him. The things which he describes were to his mind powerful facts, if you may call them so. The stories of Dickens are powerful and dramatic and are really the efforts of a well-

ordered mind—not of one which must needs imagine the curious and weird pictures that he does, but of one which gave itself up to such imaginings by choice.”

“Oh, that reminds me, Perkins,” said Chapman, as he filled the pretty cups with tea. “You speak of the stories of Dickens. I have just written a little piece after the fashion of Dickens’s stories and if anyone would like to hear it. I will occupy your time by perusing it aloud. Are there no objections? Well, then pardon all irregularities in style and plot. Keep your ears open while I close your eyes with this best of opiates. I have called this effusion

JOE PLIMLEY’S CLOCK.

Many years ago before the invention of railroads, before the inhabitants of beautiful New England were accustomed to hear the locomotive shrieking through the valleys and rushing with its great rumbling along the back yards of its little cottages, before the heart of Yankeeeland was cut to pieces by the ruthless hand of civilization, there ran a stage line from New Haven to Watertown. For all that I know, the same line runs now, but the same people don’t go over it as then, the same stages decorated with yellow and black and red paint symmetrically disposed over their vast bodies are not drawn along by the same frisky horses as then, and, worst of all, not the same jolly, good-natured teamsters are seen on the box, snapping their whips and whistling their tunes for the pleasure of the passengers and themselves as in those good old times. No, everything goes and the passengers, the drivers, the stages and the horses of that New Haven-Watertown line have gone the way of everything long ago.

But they tell a story of the palmy days of staging connected with one of the best, the jolliest, the handsomest drivers that ever guided the company’s steeds. The story of Joe Plimley is still known among the “oldest inhabitants,” who retain their recollection of New Haven

as a village, and surely if those who are looked on with such veneration and respect as the "oldest inhabitants" tell a story, we must be sure it is true. Every fall and rise of the thermometer, every drought and every flood, every scarcity and every harvest we refer to them to see if they can "go any better," and if they admit with reluctance that they can't, how we hold up our heads with pride to think that we have beaten our most venerable living ancestors in something which is entirely beyond our control. So I say such revered oracles must be believed.

Joe was the model man, or at any rate the model stage driver. Every young urchin from here to Watertown felt happy as the genial smile from the great fat face hove in sight round the corner, as he was sure that some of its rays would fall on him. Every old maid chose his stage in preference to every other, and would even postpone the pleasure of "shopping" for a whole day, if she might thereby get a ride under his protecting wing. He was known all about for his kindness and attention, and if ever country lasses had a hero and a champion, surely Joe Plimley filled that character to perfection in the eyes of all the girls along his route. Many a time has he taken them a ride up by his side on the box free of charge and entertained them all the way with booksfull of stories about himself and everyone else they could think of, and then only took a kiss in return, a fee which the country girls were glad enough to pay in those days, and especially to Joe Plimley. But one day it suddenly struck Joe that he ought to get married; it wasn't right for a handsome young man—so he was considered by his admirers—like him to throw away his chances of getting a wife; he might want some one in his old age to take care of him. But whom was he to marry? He couldn't ask any of the many damsels of his acquaintance, for then he would have all the rest angry at him, and then besides he had no money. After all, on the whole, it was better to remain as he was, and with that reflection he began to whistle all such ideas out of his head.

It was quite dark that evening as he drew up in front of the "Blue and Gold Monkey" in Watertown and stepped down to assist his passengers to alight, and the wind whistled about and made the blue monkey with the gold head swing back and forth and squeak for lack of oil with almost life-like realism. "The Blue and Gold Monkey" was the name of the little tavern where Joe with his stage and horses rested every other night during the year. It was kept in very respectable style, after the death of her husband, by Mrs. Brackett. Mr. and Mrs. Brackett had a son, rather the wild young man of the village, and Mr. Brackett, in his last will and testament owing to some squabble with his better half, had left all his property to his "dearest and most devoted son Timothy"—so ran the will—the consequence of which was that poor Mrs. B. kept the tavern and sold liquor behind the bar, while young Mr. Timothy spent his possessions at other taverns, buying liquor in front of the bar. Such was the arrangement of affairs and such had they been for several years.

"It's a cold winter's day, Madam B.," sang out Joe Plimley, as he undid his scarlet muffler and slung off his great fur coat. "It's a cold winter's day, and it ain't many a man as can stand the weather like me. Now when I say Madam B. that it's a cold winter's day, you can be *pretty* sure that it is."

"Yes, Joe, it's pretty chill-like. What'll you have to-night? Nice hot chicken pie we have."

"Well, bring me some of that, Mrs. Brackett, and don't forget the stone fence."

Now any casual and ignorant listener on hearing this last order would naturally be led to suppose that it was a premonitory injunction to good Mrs. Brackett that she should bear in mind the existence of a stone fence that evidently lay between her and the chicken pie, and by means of which she and her dishes had evidently at some former time come to grief. But one conversant with the nomenclature of that section of the country would know that it was a good and wholesome beverage concocted of

brandy and sweet cider. "The proportions to suit the drinker," the old receipt book on the shelf said, but there might just as well have been no recipe at all as the majority preferred cider, no parts; brandy entire. But Joe stood by the old mixed drink and ordered a real old fashioned stone fence. Shortly Mrs. Brackett returned and set before him Mr. Plimley's supper, retiring immediately to assist a customer to the contents of one of the many flasks and bottles behind the counter.

Soon Joe finished his supper and lighted his pipe, and putting his feet in a comfortable position, ordered another stone fence. "One needs a little something after driving all day in this cold weather, Mrs. B.; Mrs. B., put in a little less cider this time." Mrs. Brackett did as she was bid, and set the draught before him, and for the next half hour or so she was running back and forth carrying stone fences for Mr. Joe Plimley, with the order, "a little less cider in this one," on each occasion, till soon she got almost to the limit of indivisibility. Soon, Joe, succumbing to the subduer of all men, became quite garrulous. "Come, Mrs. Brackett," said he, putting on his most fascinating smile, "Come, my dear, sit down and watch the fire and let's chat together." To make a long story short, Mrs. Brackett sat on the other side of the fire place and they talked a long long while, and Joe was in his pleasantest mood. Then his old idea came back to him about marrying, and about whom he should marry. Then Mrs. Brackett came forward on the stage of his imagination under the personation of Mrs. Plimley.

"Susan," said he as he edged closer to her side of the fireplace. Being thus addressed, the poor woman burst into tears, and said that that reminded her of her late Timothy.

"Mrs. Brackett," said Joe, "would you like to change your name to Plimley?" At this she looked him straight in the eyes, blushed deeply and wept bitterly into the palms of her hands. The rather obtuse mind—and especially so on that occasion—of Mr. Plimley had not grasped the importance of the words he had been

addressing to this pretty and not-too-old widow when asking her to change her name to his. But her flood of tears brought him to his senses and he was rather pleased that she didn't take kindly to it, as he thought that neither of them had any money, and he might as well keep to his resolution of the afternoon. So he took his candle and groped his way to his room, but was all the while muttering to himself, "I wonder if that was the last will? I wonder if he didn't leave her any money?"

When Joe reached his room he sat down in a cozy arm chair and placed his flickering candle on the small table beside him and was soon lost in deep reflection, though his mind was in rather a confused state; the natural effect of the numerous stone fences that he had managed to stow away to keep out the cold. Directly opposite him stood against the wall an old fashioned time-piece, the face of which the artist had decorated with the representation of a human face whose eyes by a mechanical device moved first to one side then to the other, with the motion of the pendulum.

There he sat for some time and came very near falling off to sleep, when he was suddenly startled by a voice in the room. "Joe Plimley!" said the voice.

At this Joe jumped, sat upright and stared straight in front of him. He looked at the clock, then at the floor, then back again at the clock. "Why, that's very odd," said Joe. "I do believe the old fellow is winking at me. And what a comical looking fellow he is. Why, what are you doing? I don't know you."

"But I know you, Joe," said the clock.

"Ah, do you? Well, I'm happy to meet you. Won't you have a drink? You must be very dry staying up here so long," said Joe as he leaned back again in his chair, a little quieted from his first astonishment.

"Joe Plimley, are you in love with Mrs. Brackett?" said the face in the clock, "or are you flirting?"

"Come now, my friend, what business is it of yours? I haven't known you two minutes by your own reckoning, and here you ask me if I'm in love with Madam B. I

like a fellow to take a motherly interest in me, but my love affairs are my own, thank you."

"Old Brackett," resumed the face in the clock, "died in this very room." Here Joe jumped at the thought of sleeping in the defunct Brackett's bed-chamber. "Don't jump so," said the face. "His spirit wanders about here at this time of night, and you may offend it if you show any uneasiness at the mention of his death. I saw him die. He left his money to his son, so they all think." And here the clock gave a little chuckle and went on. "But there is another will. He died in delirium and so no one knew anything about it excepting me. I saw him put it away. Look in the large chest in the corner." And here the face stopped talking, and Joe went to sleep in the chair, and the candle burned out, and all was quiet throughout the tavern.

The next morning Mrs. Brackett rapped on Mr. Plimley's door, and after loud knocks succeeded in recalling him to the realities of life. He yawned, rubbed his eyes, scratched his head, looked up and saw the clock standing there in front of him, just as he remembered it the night before. Having recalled himself to a condition of wakefulness by the operations alluded to, he happened to turn his thoughts back to the proceedings of the previous night. He had a dim recollection of Mrs. Brackett's perturbation and of his journey to his room, and a very vivid remembrance of his dialogue with the face in the clock. On thinking over the conversation the last words that he heard struck him with considerable force, and he kept turning over in his mind the words, "Look in the large chest in the corner." At last they began to haunt him, and he resolved to rid himself of their enchantment. So after brushing himself up and making himself trim for breakfast, he determined to look into the great chest. Now, Joe did not believe much in supernatural phenomena, and he looked on the whole thing as a great farce. However, there might be something in it and there would be no harm in looking. So he lifted the heavy lid and found the chest full of old clothes and relics of the past

fifty years or more. He rummaged and ransacked and hunted and hunted for the longed-for will. But it wasn't there; after all, he had been the dupe of a superstitious dream. But there could be no harm in looking. So he continued his search and was about to give up in despair and curse his foolish faith, when his eye lighted on a thin paper bundle almost covered by the remnants of an aged dressing gown. At last his search was to be rewarded. Now he had found the treasure which was the only thing wanting to complete his happiness. Now Mrs. Brackett should be his wife and they should settle down and keep the tavern together in comfort for the rest of their days. He took the papers from the box, rushed down stairs to Mrs. Brackett, and seating himself in front of his breakfast, with a wave of his hand exclaimed, "Mrs. B., I have the will." The good lady, as might be imagined, was rather surprised at this, to her, strange remark, and looked as if she thought that Mr. Plimley had not quite recovered himself from the effects of the night before. "What do you mean?" said she, with eyes and mouth wide open, as she brought in the coffee.

"Why, the last will of Mr. Brackett, in which he left all his property to you, Mrs. B." Saying this he unloosed the string, took off the wrapper, and displayed to Mrs. Brackett's wondering gaze—no will at all, but simply the manuscript of an old recipe book which had been in the family for years, out of which Mr. Brackett's grandmother used to make her daintiest dishes, and which had been put away to rest with all the other old and worn-out scraps and rags.

"Why, what have you been doing, you horrid man?" screamed Mrs. Brackett. "Meddling and fussing in other people's trunks. What business have you to ransack all the things put away in your room? I thought they would be safe there, but I shall have them or you moved to another room directly," and hereupon after this defense of the sacred and revered relics stowed away in Joe Plimley's room, she carried it into more effective operation by hurrying him out of doors to hitch up his horses and start off for New Haven.

So Joe Plimley continued to drive the stage coach in the same unmarried state that he had always been in, and Mrs. Brackett continued a widow till her death, and many a time has Joe told this tale of unrewarded affection, to the girls on the box as he drove them from Watertown to New Haven, and some didn't believe it, and others did; but whether they believed it or not, they used to like to listen to him tell it and they ever afterwards named the old fashioned time piece—Joe Plimley's Clock.

"There is my story, Perkins. What do you think of it?" said Chapman, when he had finished his reading.

"A little too much like one of Dickens' stories that I have in mind, but not a good enough style; however, I found it quite entertaining; but it's getting late, and we had better let Biddle retire. He looks sleepy."

Good nights were said, and with them the recorder closes the third report of the Tea-totum Club. B. E.

THE MOONBEAM'S MESSAGE.

The stars shine down serenely
From heaven so blue, so far,
And the moon's pale brow is queenly
As she steps from star to star,

And in the path beneath her
Treads down those burning flowers,
That trembling in the ether
Bloom through the midnight hours.

A thousand silver lances
Flash shimmering through the trees,
And away the moonlight dances
O'er the dew drops on the leas.

One straying moonbeam lingers
With kisses on my lips,
Pressed soft as angel fingers,
Caressingly it dips.

O wander, moonbeam, wander
O'er lakes and gleaming streams,
And bear my kisses fonder
To my darling in her dreams !

One last light touch it presses,
And waves one pale adieu,
Then bearing my caresses,
Flies glimmering thro' the blue.

It glances o'er the meadows,
O'er beds of sleeping flowers,
And plays flitting thro' the shadows
Of the rose and lily bowers.

Now on the dew it sparkles,
A crystal in its ray
That glistens and then darkles,
As it flies away, away.

Now o'er thy breathing bosom,
Chaste as itself it drifts,
And on thy lips, a parted blossom,
Bestows thy lover's gifts.

The ravished ray had tasted
The orange flower's bloom,
Where the oleander wasted
Its oppressive sweet perfume,

And oft at midnight stillly
Had lain in rapturous rest
On the bosom of the lily,
Or the rose's glowing breast.

But when it touched this treasure,
The sweetest lips on earth,
It forgot its home in azure,
Its bright and heavenly birth.

And its dazzling, sudden flashes
Their tender beauty hid
'Neath the gently drooping lashes
Of the sweetly sleeping lid.

Ah, now I know that kindly
Thine eyes will gaze in mine,
For e'en tho' thou see'st me blindly,
Still my ray will on thee shine.

E. W.

A CONFESSION.

BEAUTIFUL? Yes, it must be that, after all. No one would dare call her pretty, for there was a nameless something about her which only Beauty can claim, and to which mere prettiness never aspires; a something suggestive of remoteness, an icy inapproachableness. Can she know what a picture she makes of herself, sitting there on the breezy deck in the twilight? The reflections, or rather queries, passed in disconnected fashion through the mind of Tom Raymond, as he stood at a little distance, regarding the young lady in question.

Tom Raymond and Harry Morgan were college chums and fast friends. Harry had induced Tom to spend a portion of the long summer days of vacation with him, and they were now on their way to consummate the long-talked-of visit, choosing the pleasanter way of traveling, by steamer. After the boat left the dock they wandered about here and there, observing the various types which one sees so often repeated in public places, and watching with the impartial criticism of a collegian for some pretty face, which should separate itself from the hundreds. At last Harry, having discovered an old friend, departed for the mutual consolation of the weed. Left to amuse himself, Tom made for the promenade deck. Walking forward he discovered the young lady who brought to his mind the dubious yet complimentary criticism above. Attired in some soft light dress, she sat there in the easiest of graceful attitudes near the wheel-house. On the floor beside her lay the book and dainty parasol which the fading light had rendered useless. A wide-rimmed hat drawn low down enabled one with difficulty to assert that the eyes of the owner were dreamily watching the reflection of the sun's last rays, evidently building in day-dream fashion airy castles in their shifting tints. The only movement was that of the listless hands, ever caressing a tiny glove which lay in her lap. Tom finally deciding there was about the silent face something indefinitely unpleas-

ant for all its beauty, walked to the stern only to be brought back by curiosity concerning the still figure by the wheel-house. He fell to speculating in regard to her, as, for instance, where she could be going, apparently alone and unattended. Then he wondered what her name could be,—a foolish thought, it immediately occurred to him, so as a wise contrast he pondered on the size of the little glove she slowly turned about in her fingers. Again he made a silent pilgrimage to the stern and watched for a moment the great widening swale of white foam as it stretched out behind the steamer to the west, right into the fiery globe of the sun as it lay on the horizon before its final plunge. He was unconsciously about to wander back when, the steamer making a curve to the north and again to the east, the foaming crescent caught his attention once more, and the sinuous serpent-like curve seemed somehow to remind him of—"pshaw, how absurd," thought he, and to drive from his breast this fancy, if fancy it could be called, he went to take one more look at the strange dreamer. There was no change—but, yes, there was indeed. The freshening breeze of evening had lifted a little the broad hat, and exposed to view the light auburn hair in wavy lines, low down on the white forehead. Beneath he could just see what he had expected to be a pair of light blue eyes, big and dreamy probably, but in bold contrast to the quiet listless figure and light hair, were the blackest, sharpest, most piercing eyes, Tom thought he had ever beheld. There was a nameless fascination about them. Their incongruousness with the other features, produced upon this observer an effect which is incalculable. Tom had always considered himself a great reader of character from physiognomy, and seldom neglected an opportunity to pursue the study of so noble a science, but here he instinctively perceived all his lore would stand at naught. "If she would only close her eyes," thought he, "I might possibly see her." But the half-expressed wish was evidently futile. He semi-unconsciously helped himself to a chair, and looking out over the people on the lower deck, endeavored to become

interested in the movements of a sailor fixing the great light to the steamer's bow. That process being concluded he became engrossed in the movements of the usual small boy, actively engaged in rendering life miserable to parents and listeners for a considerable radius about. Both these absorbing amusements losing their charm, from sheer fatigue at resistance Tom fell into a sort of dreamy state. It seemed to be contagious. The motion of the boat with the rush of waters assisted the impression, and as the twilight deepened he drifted into a sort of trance. First he thought that she moved, then he identified her with the floating masses of cloud on the horizon, which seemed to pile themselves about in a most fantastic manner. In some unexpected part of them he would suddenly see a pair of coal-black eyes, in tangled golden mist. All at once he heard a slight sound, and rousing himself he beheld the lady moving rapidly to the stair. Then he became conscious of having rudely stared her from the place. Penitent and ashamed he also arose, with some misty idea of an apology, but on descending the stairs she was nowhere to be found. Now really curious, he searched the boat thoroughly from one end to the other, but all to no purpose. Finally, resolved to put the matter wholly from his mind, he sought the cosy little deck at the stern, and selecting a comfortable chair leaned against the saloon partition, prepared to wait until Harry should put in his appearance. It was now quite dark. The moon had not yet risen, but the stars were coming out one by one. A lamp suspended from above shed a faint light upon the little detached groups disposed in easy, picturesque attitudes. They finally disappeared, however, and Tom was quite alone. How long he remained so he was unable to say, but suddenly he felt a slight pressure upon his arm and a figure glided into a vacant chair beside him. Tom was in fact very sleepy by this time, so with a faint thought of surprise he resumed his somnolent meditations. Soon the person at his side arose and selected a different chair, this time immediately in front of Tom, who was now tolerably well awake—

terribly so a moment later when he became conscious of a pair of coal-black eyes staring at him beseechingly. He did not, to be sure, think of that at the time; but long afterward, in reflecting upon the matter he came to the firm conclusion that the eyes were full of an indefinite longing, a searching, bewildered look. He did not stop to think of it, for his glance was caught by a lock of streaming gold, which from underneath a dark hood gleamed brightly in the light of the swinging lamp above. Transfixed, fascinated by the vision, he was absolutely speechless at this strange reappearance of the person who had so lately puzzled him. He had little time, however, to consider the perplexing circumstance with what remnant of his scattered brains he had at command, for suddenly with a hurried yet gentle movement the lady leaned forward, placed one hand upon his own for a moment, and said: "May I talk to you a little, please?" Completely astonished at the soft, refined tone, though why he should have expected any other was a problem, Tom could scarcely summon his usual politeness to give a gracious assent. "Excuse me, but I am so afraid you may think it queer to trouble you, but—you of course couldn't know anything about it." This last in a different, lower tone. "How absurd, of course. Don't think it queer, will you, but just let me talk to you, and if—," then a sudden stop, and a perplexed knotting of the brows were all that remained to finish the strange sentence. "Poor thing," thought he. "She is evidently in some trouble,—lost her friends, perhaps; possibly her pocket-book." And then the word "impostor" thrust itself upon him, but a glance at the confused face before him dissipated every theory. They somehow would not fit.

"Can you see me? that is, real well, I mean," asked the girl, for on closer examination the face indicated an age not above sixteen or seventeen at most. Tom's usual gallantry was about to come to the rescue with a complimentary speech, but she seemed to foresee, and said: "Because if you cannot I can talk to you so much better." Then slowly, in a low, soliloquizing tone: "It all hap-

pened in the dark, you know." Continuing, after a slight pause, she said: "You don't know me, of course." "Excuse me, but really—" broke in Tom. "No, no, you don't understand, but I will tell you all about it, indeed I will," interrupted she. "You see you looked so good, somehow, I couldn't help trusting you. You will help me, won't you?" Tom was thoroughly perplexed. What could it mean? "Poor little girl, she must be in some very deep trouble to thus address a perfect stranger in this manner," said he to himself, and his chivalrous heart was full of the wish to perform some service for her. This, coupled with her innocent flattery, had won his heart. The repellant fascination had yielded to complete sympathy, so it is not surprising that he answered soothingly and begged her to continue. "Are you so very good, after all? Because if you are I shan't want to tell you," said she, doubtfully. "Don't be afraid," said Tom, and she continued, "Well, then—but wait, just turn your head—so, I don't want you to look at me now." A pause, then suddenly—"It all happened so strangely. I was very young then, and we—" The girl came to a sudden stop, and in her face appeared a look of terror, which seemed to sit so strangely there. Her eyes were fixed on the sliding door of the saloon, from which issued a tall woman of rather harsh features and repulsive aspect. She stretched out her arm authoritatively; the girl arose at once, and without so much as a look at Tom disappeared within the saloon. In a moment Harry came out, saying, "Why, here you are at last. I have been looking for you everywhere. Heard the news? a beautiful young girl, an escaped inmate of the H— asylum for the insane, while being carried back on this boat, again escaped from her keepers this afternoon, and they have just found her. Lovely she is, too, for I just caught a glimpse of her,—golden hair and such monstrous big black eyes. Too bad, isn't it? I would like to know the story."

"So would I," said Tom as they went to their stateroom for the night.

NOTABILIA.

THERE is an old saying that "the darkest hour is just before dawn," and through some fatal analogy existing between the solar day and the college year, it comes to pass that annuals, the darkest reality of college life, come just before the dawn of that sweetest of seasons—the summer vacation. Coming as they do after the prowling dog-star has begun to assert his approaching ascendancy, and fraught as they are with the dreadful element of suspense, it is not strange that they should be regarded as the bitterest ordeal which the curriculum imposes. But in the manner in which they are conducted here annuals are open to a graver charge than their difficulty; they impose the necessity of that exceedingly rapid and painful review commonly known as "cramming." A very cursory glance at some of our annual papers reveals the fact that they demand the same familiarity with the whole subject as has been required in the daily recitation of a very small part of it. In other words the questions on an annual are very similar to those of the recitation-room, while they embrace the whole subject matter of a year's work and require for a correct answer the same accurate knowledge as is needed in the preparation of a single lesson. Such knowledge can in most cases only be obtained by a very careful and at the same time of necessity a very hasty and superficial review of the whole matter, and accordingly in the short intervals allowed before each examination page after page is turned and the mind is forced to overload itself with endless series of dates and distances, formulæ and phenomena, rules and examples, till it nearly loses itself in a maze of facts. The inevitable consequence is that as soon as the examination is over a reaction takes place, and the mental functions go through a ceremonial analogous to the "Burial of Euclid," and with a willful delight discharge themselves from every thought or interest in a matter which is thus forever dis-

posed of. This is but one of the many evils growing out of the present system of annual examinations, and we are going to be presumptuous enough to propound a plan which would apparently correct many of them. Let some arrangement be made by which the annuals could take place every day with no intervals for extended reviewing, and let their order be guarded with the same scrupulous care that now protects the papers themselves, so that none should know until the papers were distributed what was to be their subject. If then the questions were made of such a general nature that they could be answered by any one who had studied with reasonable fidelity, a fair criterion of study would be maintained, while the evils of the present system would in some measure be avoided. But annuals at length are as a dismal dream that is past; the chapel bell no longer mars the peace of these summer mornings with its skillful symphonies, and even old Father Yale, the patron saint of this venerable magazine has laid himself down for a long snooze, and bids his votaries and his readers to make the utmost of these delicious months of indolence that are in store for them. They are not many—these summer vacations, and there are no pleasanter seasons throughout a whole long life.

AMONG the many schemes “o’ mice an’ men” that have developed themselves this year, some of them to “gang a-gley” at once and others to attain greater or less success, there is none which we hail with a more hearty welcome than the plan for a college club, which has been set on foot in the incoming senior class, and has already attained proportions which assure its success. The design is a simple one though unique in many particulars, and meets a want which has long been felt in college. The club is to consist of members from the two upper classes and honorary members among the graduates. In addition to the ordinary features of a club-house, rooms are to be provided where the smaller eating clubs, which are such a delightful part of our college life, can obtain board by

themselves. We find ourselves already looking forward to its luscious beefsteaks and famous game, to the genial air of its pleasant lounging rooms, to an occasional hand of whist "with a clear fire, a clean hearth and the rigor of the game;" in a word to all the cosy convivialities that the idea suggests.

WE were a good deal surprised and not a little enraged the other day at coming across in one of our New England weeklies an article from the LIT. copied bodily and entire without so much as a "by your leave." It was one of the long pieces from the body of the magazine, and was printed under the same title as it bore in the LIT., but accompanied by the author's name. How this was obtained is more than we can tell, and the writer of the piece himself is equally at a loss to explain it. Not the slightest reference was made to the fact that the piece had been copied, but it was printed and published precisely as though it were the purchased property of this enterprising journal. Of course the LIT. does not object to being copied when due acknowledgment is made, indeed that is a species of flattery which is rather pleasing than otherwise, but it does demand the same courtesies in the matter as are extended to any other journal. Heretofore the worst sort of plagiarism that it has had to encounter has been to hear rather lengthy quotations from its pages at some of the college exercises, but this last is a species of literary burglary that it will not submit to without at least resenting it.

WHILE every one is so loud in the praises of our ball nine, and so justly too, while the papers everywhere are speaking of it in the highest terms, and while we feel that it certainly equals if it does not surpass, any college nine that has ever played, we cannot forbear also to "lay this flattering unction to our souls;" that it is entirely composed of undergraduates. And so it is clearly proven that a nine may be trained and developed until they acquire the regularity and brilliancy of professionals with-

out requiring men to return for years after graduation and devote their skill and experience to the game. In other words, the ideal perfection of a college nine may be attained without those semi-professional features which are necessarily associated with a club partially composed of graduates of many years standing. The most refreshing characteristic of college athletics is that they are strictly amateur, and nothing should be spared to maintain this feature rigidly true in every sense.

“ACTUM est de Octaginta,” but like the king, the senior class never dies. As soon as its grotesque procession has given its last rousing cheer in the college yard and taken up its line of march towards the festivities of class supper, another class is ready and eager to enthrone itself upon the senior fence, and to take upon itself all the privileges and prerogatives of that exalted station. Nevertheless the graduation of a class from college, the abrupt ending of all the delightful activities and relations of college life, is an event fraught with no small regret to the class itself and the college in general. The class of '80 has had a record, both from a literary and an athletic point of view that any class might well be proud of, and while we doubt if her name will ever stand out in the history of the college as that of some classes has done, while some of us may still feel a rankling resentment of her treatment of the class beneath her, which has not always been of the pleasantest, every one must feel that her departure leaves a vacant place in college that cannot soon be filled, and every one will join us in extending to her our most hearty good wishes for the future, and sincere regret that the days of her sojourn are so soon over. But in the fullness of time the end has come, and in bidding her a most heartfelt farewell we have still the solace of crying out in the old phraseology of kingcraft: The senior class is no more, long live the senior class!

PORTFOLIO.

— During my wanderings through the great Art Galleries of the British metropolis, the works of two painters particularly fixed my attention. They painted portraits for the most part, and stood alone in their department. In their studies from real life they seem to have chosen similar themes, and yet how different their methods of teaching them, how unlike their styles of painting. One of them has painted a death scene which, for its naturalness and deep pathos, is probably unsurpassed. It is only a little ragged street Arab who lies on a pallet in a dark room, and holds the hand of a handsome man who stands by his side. There is not a single glaring color in the picture, but the whole has a soft and subdued tone. Another work by the same artist, is the portrait of a short, little puffy man. He wears a close fitting bottle-green coat with shiny buttons. One hand he has thrust behind him, and the other is half advanced as though he would make a friendly speech or grasp some one's hand. There is a merry twinkle in his eye and a jolly look in his face that makes one feel like laughing with him. There is no name of the artist upon these pictures, nor any sign whatever which may lead you to think of the painter. He has thrown his whole soul into the execution of these works, and so thoroughly has he succeeded that, while one looks at his pictures, he forgets that they are not real. The other artist is very different. I shall speak of only one of his portraits. It is that of a tall, thin, foreign looking man. He wears loose white trousers, and his long heavy mustachios and bronzed face show him to be a soldier who has served under the suns of India. There is a noble, manly air hovering about him, but the artist has managed by a wonderful stroke here and there to make one fear that it is a caricature rather than a portrait. Down at one corner of the picture, and in full sight, is a monogram in which the letters W. M. and T. are curiously intertwined. One cannot examine any of his works without being led constantly to think of the artist. He draws perfect pictures of nature, and then by curious touches seems to point out defects that really exist, and some that are of his own creation. He does not paint in a spirit as kindly and

truthful as the other. The one seems to be filled with a noble love for his calling, the other with a greater desire to show how skillful he is in searching out men's faults and imperfections. Each has been wonderfully successful in his department. But whom shall we praise more, the lover-painter or the satirist painter?

— We are somewhat disposed by reason of our easy-going, careless way of living here in college, to feel a trifle contemptuously toward some very excellent persons who are always waxing enthusiastic over something or other, now religion, now love, now politics; whatever it is they are always intensely interested in its success and seem to feel aggrieved if others do not share their feelings. I remember Aestheticus came to my room one morning, just as I was settling myself for a good two hours chat with Madame de Rémusat, and bored me for half that time with an enthusiastic account of a rare old plate which he had unearthed in some cross-country ramble, and for which he had paid a most fabulous price; as if it made any difference to me whether the plate was a hundred years old or no, provided it was useful to eat from. I imagine Aestheticus went away that morning thinking that of all senseless clods under the wide heavens, I was the worst. And my freshman friend, little Header, came into my room the other day and entertained me (as he supposed) with a thrilling account of a ride which the bicycle club (of which he is a prominent member) had taken; of the beauty and durability of his machine, and of bicycles in general, until I, albeit formerly a respectful admirer of the new substitute for horses, came to fairly detest the thing. But the worst of all this class is Adonis. This love-lorn swain confides to me his love-scrapes, which are very numerous for a man of his age, and drones away until sometimes I am tempted to try if throwing him out of the window will produce any effect upon his illimitable self-confidence. And yet all these friends of mine have many excellent qualities, they are generous and kind and honest, and I should feel most sorry if by any means I should offend them.

— It always does me good to talk with Miss ——. Whether it is because she has ideas of her own and is never afraid of giving them utterance, or that while thoroughly enjoying the social life about her, she also strives to make

others happier, I cannot say. At all events when, as sometimes happens, Miss Littlewit and myself have been boring each other at some gathering with long conversations about the weather, the music, or the beauties of New Haven, I like to have a talk with Miss ———, sure of meeting some new idea, something which will cause me to keep on thinking. So the other evening I found myself, in an interval between the dances, seated by her. Something had occurred, and I was not long in finding it out. "You college men," she said, "are so insufferably conceited. You seem to think that no one save yourselves has the faintest glimmering of intellect. Why, Mr. Sapiens talked to me for a quarter of an hour this evening on the very superior way his mother has of making salad-dressing, and when I attempted to speak of anything else he listened with an air of calm indifference, as though believing that I was utterly incapable of anything but sentiment and salad. And yet I learn that he is one of the most talented young men in the university. But," she continued, "that isn't the worst of it. Why is it necessary to suppose that every young lady who has never been at New Haven, is therefore ignorant of all things pertaining to campus-land? One poor youth supposing evidently that my native heath was far away, favored me with a concise history of the rise and progress of Yale College, from Saybrook times down to the present, interspersing it with surmises as to the prospects of the crew and ball-nine. Your literary men write dilettante articles lazily approving of our sex, but never seeming to believe that perhaps we, too, understand psychology and physics, and your society men flirt with us." Our rather one-sided conversation ended at this point, but I mentally wondered as I strolled homeward later in the evening, if, after all, there were not many things higher and better in life than mere small talk and dress, and if the reward of discovering them did not exceed the labor taken. Miss ——— has set me thinking.

— *Le roi est mort vive le roi*, murmured I, as I listened one evening last June to the graceful regrets of one of our New Haven belles on my then senior making his final adieus. The vivacity with which forthwith she plunged into anticipations of the gaieties of the next season, gave opportunity for a train of moralizing which had a triumphant element in it

then which is now sadly wanting. *Exeunt omnes*;—and as we are merged in the great plebeian unknown, I cannot deny myself a gentle skit on the old topic. How ill, O omniverous Portfolio, would you have fared, had not bad temper now and then tried to disguise itself as wit, and the would-be cynic play the mock philosopher. Among her clever sillinesses, Mr. James makes Blanche Evers sparkle into a comparison of girls to foliage,—always rustling around, and—some of them—never dropping off. In the prospective stillness of that large world, where the P. G. will be but a stray atom, I fancy that I shall feel like one who has passed from a grove of aspens into a pine forest. When that pleasant rustle of small-talk has died away, I may amuse myself in the somewhat monotonous rôle of *le roi mort* by classifying the various foliages of this (then to me) extinct flora. It is too near and bewildering at present to distinguish quite clearly,—but I think I can detect one correspondence, subtle, perhaps, but real. And I cannot be called hard names if I find the aptest type for my stolen allegory in the grace and graciousness of the city's native elm. There is a large hospitality about it that is almost queenly; and its leaf-talk is often of the finest and most charming sort. I have been told that it is a peculiarly beautiful tree by moonlight,—being rheumatic I never indulge in such vagaries myself. And—what is most admirable—it is a tree invariably classed by botanists among the deciduous. And we? O, we go out into the world's market as bunches of celery—or of greens.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Base Ball.

The playing of the nine for the past month has amply fulfilled its promise, and it is with hopeful confidence that we look forward to the games of Commencement week, which are to close a campaign thus far the most brilliant on record for any college team. The scores show the work which has been done. Wednesday, May 26:

| YALE. | | | | | | | | BROOKLYNS. | | | | | | | |
|------------------------------|----|-----|------|------|----|----|---|-------------------|----|-----|------|------|----|----|---|
| A.B. | R. | 1B. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. | | A.B. | R. | 1B. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. | |
| Parker, c. | 5 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 1 | 1 | Knodell, r. | 5 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 2 |
| Lamb, p. | 6 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 0 | Nelson, s. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 3 |
| Hutchison, s. s. | 6 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 0 | 1 | 1 | Clinton, l. | 5 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Walden, b. | 6 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 2 | Cramer, h. | 5 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 2 | 0 |
| Camp, l. f. | 6 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 0 | 2 | Kessler, a. | 5 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 6 | 0 | 1 |
| Hopkins, a. | 6 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 6 | 0 | 1 | Schenck, c. | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Watson, h. | 6 | 3 | 4 | 8 | 6 | 1 | 3 | Morgan, m. | 4 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Clark, m. | 6 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 0 | West, b. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Platt, r. | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 1 | Lawlor, p. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| 51 17 21 31 27 12 11 | | | | | | | | 40 7 9 11 27 13 8 | | | | | | | |
| Innings, 1 2 3 4 5 6 | | | | | | | | 7 8 9 | | | | | | | |
| Yale, . . . 5 0 1 1 0 6 | | | | | | | | 4 0 0—17 | | | | | | | |
| Brooklyns, . . . 0 0 0 1 0 0 | | | | | | | | 3 3 0—7 | | | | | | | |

Earned runs—Yale, 8; Brooklyn, 1. Two-base hits—Parker, Platt, Clinton, Lawlor. Three-base hits—Watson, Hutchison, Hopkins. Struck out—Yale, 5; Brooklyn, 3. Good balls—Yale, 1; Brooklyn, 1. Balls called—Lamb, 107; Lawlor and Schenck, 98. Strikes called—Yale, 20; Brooklyn, 14. Passed balls—Watson, 1; Cramer, 3. Wild pitches—Lamb 1. Time—2 hours 25 minutes. Umpire—George J. Miller.

A large delegation went up to see the second Harvard match at Cambridge, May 29, which was splendidly played by both nines, Folsom proving very effective and receiving good support:

| YALE. | | | | | | | | HARVARD. | | | | | | | |
|----------------------------|----|-----|------|------|----|----|---|-------------------|----|-----|------|------|----|----|---|
| A.B. | R. | 1B. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. | | A.B. | R. | 1B. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. | |
| Parker, 3b. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 2 | 0 | Coolidge, 2b. | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 6 | 2 | 2 |
| Lamb, p. | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 | Olmstead, l. f. | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Hutchison, s. s. | 4 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 3 | Fessenden, r. f. | 5 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Walden, 2b. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 5 | 0 | Winsor, c. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 3 | 1 |
| Camp, l. f. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Shattuck, 1b. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 2 | 0 |
| Clark, r. f. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 1 | Nichols, c. f. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 0 |
| Hopkins, 1b. | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 1 | Holden, 3b. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 0 |
| Watson, c. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 9 | 0 | 0 | Folsom, p. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Badger, c. f. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Richardson, s. s. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 1 |
| 32 2 5 5 27 12 5 | | | | | | | | 37 1 7 7 27 16 5 | | | | | | | |
| Innings, 1 2 3 4 5 6 | | | | | | | | 7 8 9 | | | | | | | |
| Yale, . . . 2 0 0 0 0 0 | | | | | | | | 0 0 0—2 | | | | | | | |
| Harvard, . . . 1 0 0 0 0 0 | | | | | | | | 0 0 0—1 | | | | | | | |

First base on balls—Yale, 1; Harvard 1. First base on errors—Yale, 2; Harvard, 4. Balls called—Lamb, 95; Folsom, 86. Strikes called—Lamb, 8; Folsom, 9. Passed balls—Winsor, 1. Struck out—Yale, 4; Harvard, 3. Time—2 hours 15 minutes. Umpire—C. S. Wilbur, Troy League.

Wednesday, June 2:

| YALE. | | | | | | | | JERSEY CITIES. | | | | | | | |
|--------------------|----|-----|------|------|----|----|---|-----------------------|----|-----|------|------|----|----|---|
| A.B. | R. | IB. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. | | A.B. | R. | IB. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. | |
| Parker, c. | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 1 | Sweeney, a. | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Lamb, p. | 5 | 2 | 4 | 5 | 1 | 5 | 0 | Muldoon, b. | 5 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 1 |
| Hutchison, s. | 5 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 3 | Driscoll, p. | 5 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 8 | 0 |
| Walden, b. | 5 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | Ripschlagel, h. | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 2 | 0 |
| Camp, l. | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | Fair, c. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 1 |
| Clark, r. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | McCullough, s. | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 2 |
| Hokpins, a. | 5 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 9 | 0 | 0 | Quin, r. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Watson, h. | 5 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 7 | 0 | 0 | Latham, l | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Badger, m. | 3 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 0 | Platt, m. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| <hr/> | | | | | | | | <hr/> | | | | | | | |
| 42 6 12 14 27 15 7 | | | | | | | | 39 4 7 9 27 15 5 | | | | | | | |
| <hr/> | | | | | | | | <hr/> | | | | | | | |
| Innings, | | | | | | | | I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 | | | | | | | |
| Yale, | | | | | | | | . 1 0 0 0 1 0 3 1 0—6 | | | | | | | |
| Jersey Citys, | | | | | | | | . 0 0 3 1 0 0 0 0 0—4 | | | | | | | |

Earned runs—Yale, 2. Two-base hits—Lamb, Badger. Three-base hits—Muldoon. First base on balls—Yale, 2; Jersey Citys, 1. First base on errors—Yale, 4; Jersey Citys, 6. Struck out—Yale, 5; Jersey Citys, 3. Good balls—Yale, 1; Jersey Citys, 2. Balls called—Lamb, 85; Driscoll, 94. Strikes called—Yale, 13; Jersey Citys, 10. Struck at and missed—Yale, 16; Jersey Citys, 26. Passed balls—Watson, 1. Wild pitches—Driscoll, 1. Time, 2 hours 20 minutes. Umpire—George J. Hiller.

In the second game with Amherst at Hamilton Park, June 5, Lamb's arm being out of condition, Camp pitched, while Smith of the freshman team caught:

| YALE. | | | | | | | AMHERST. | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|----|-----|------|------|----|----|----------|---------------|-----|------|------|----|----|----|----|
| A.B. | R. | IB. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. | A.B. | R. | IB. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. | | |
| Parker, 3b. | 6 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | Sawyer, p. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 5 | 1 |
| Lamb, c. f. | 6 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 1 | Woodward, c. | 4 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 7 | 1 | 0 |
| Hutchison, s. | 6 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 0 | 5 | 0 | Blair, s.s. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Walden, 2b. | 5 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 0 | Ladd, l. f. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Camp, p. | 6 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 1 | Chase, 2b. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 4 | 3 |
| Clark, r. f. | 6 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 0 | Gibson, 1b. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 7 | 0 | 0 |
| Hopkins, 1b. | 5 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 12 | 1 | 1 | Arnd, r. f. | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 2 |
| Watson, l. f. | 5 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Tucker, c. f. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 |
| Smith, c. | 5 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 0 | Manning, 3b. | 4 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| | 50 | 14 | 17 | 18 | 27 | 18 | 3 | | 35 | 3 | 8 | 9 | 27 | 13 | 14 |
| Innings, | | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | | |
| Yale, | | | | | 3 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 4 | 14 | |
| Amherst, | | | | | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 3 | |

Two-base hits—Hutchison, Arnd. First base on ball—Yale, 1; Amherst, 1. First base on errors—Yale, 7; Amherst, 2. Struck out—Yale, 3; Amherst, 4. Good balls—Camp, 2; Sawyer, 4. Balls called—Camp, 79; Sawyer, 117. Strikes called—Camp 14; Sawyer, 22. Struck at and missed—Camp, 17; Sawyer, 20. Double plays—Camp, Smith, Hopkins and Parker; Arnd, and Manning. Passed balls—Smith, 4; Woodward, 3. Wild pitches Sawyer, 3. Time—2 hours 20 minutes. Umpire—W. C. Asay.

The game with Princeton, June 9, resulted in an easy victory for Yale, the visitors failing to play up to their standard either in the field or at the bat. Archer pitched after the fourth inning:

| PRINCETON. | | | | | | | | YALE | | | | | | | |
|--------------|------|----|-----|------|------|----|----|---------------|------|----|-----|------|------|----|----|
| | A.B. | R. | IB. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. | | A.B. | R. | IB. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
| Duffield, a. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 6 | 0 | 0 | Parker, c. | 5 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 |
| Warren, s. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 | Lamb, p. | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Van Dyke, l. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 | Hutchison, s. | 5 | 1 | 4 | 4 | 0 | 4 | 1 |
| Schenck, h. | 4 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 8 | 1 | 0 | Walden, b. | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 2 |
| McCune, m. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 0 | Camp, l. | 5 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Cutts, c. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 3 | Clark, r. | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Horton, p. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 1 | Hopkins, a. | 4 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 10 | 1 | 1 |
| Rafferty, b. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | Watson, h. | 4 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 4 | 1 |
| Archer, r. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | Badger, m. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| | 33 | 1 | 4 | 4 | 27 | 12 | 10 | | 41 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 27 | 19 | 8 |
| Innings, | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | | | |
| Princeton, | | | | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0—1 | | | |
| Yale, | | | | 3 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0—8 | | | |

First base on balls—Princeton, 1; Yale, 1. First base on errors—Princeton, 6; Yale, 6. Struck out—Princeton, 4; Yale, 5. Good balls—Horton, 6; Archer, 1. Balls called—Horton, 79, Archer, 32; Lamb, 73. Strikes called—Horton, 15, Archer, 5; Lamb, 9. Struck at and missed—Horton, 19, Archer, 8; Lamb, 27. Double plays—Warren and Cutts, Lamb, Watson and Hopkins. Passed balls—Schenck, 3; Watson, 3.

The best game of the season was that with the Worcesters, June 11:

| WORCESTER. | | | | | | | | YALE. | | | | | | | |
|--------------|------|----|-----|------|------|----|----|---------------|------|----|-----|------|------|----|----|
| | A.B. | R. | IB. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. | | A.B. | R. | IB. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
| Wood, rb. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Parker, c. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Stovey, m. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Lamb, p. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Knight, r. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Hutchison, s. | 4 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 |
| Bennet, h. | 4 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 0 | 0 | Walden, b. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Irwin, s. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 0 | Camp, l. | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Whitney, c. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 | Clark, r. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 1 |
| Sullivan, a. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 9 | 0 | 0 | Hopkins, a. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Corey, p. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | Watson, h. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 1 | 0 |
| Creamer, b. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Badger, m. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| | 33 | 2 | 6 | 7 | 24 | 10 | 0 | | 31 | 5 | 7 | 11 | 27 | 8 | 4 |
| Innings, | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | | | |
| Worcesters, | | | | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—2 | | | |
| Yale, | | | | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—3 | | | |

Earned runs—Yale, 3. Two-base hits—Parker, Hutchison, Clark, Walden, Irwin. First base on errors—Worcesters, 2. Struck out—Yale, 1; Worcesters, 2. Good balls—Lamb, 2; Corey, 1. Balls called—Lamb, 72; Corey, 45. Strikes called—Off Lamb, 12; off Corey, 8. Struck at and missed—Yale, 8; Worcesters, 8. Double plays—Clark, Parker; Watson, Walden. Passed balls—Watson, 2. Time—1 hour 30 minutes. Umpire—Bancroft of the Worcesters.

In the Baltimore game, June 14, Walden met with an injury, which will prevent his playing for some weeks, a great loss to the nine just at this time:

| YALE. | | | | | | | BALTIMORE. | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|----|-----|------|------|----|----|------------|-----------------|-----|------|------|----|----|----|---|
| A.B. | R. | 1B. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. | A.B. | R. | 1B. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. | | |
| Parker, c. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 2 | 0 | Richmond, s. s. | 5 | 2 | 2 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Lamb, p. | 4 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 6 | 0 | Birchall, l. | 5 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| Hutchison, s. | 4 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 2 | 3 | Brouthers, a. | 5 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 0 | 1 |
| Walden, b. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Ellick, c. | 4 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 4 | 1 |
| Platt, m. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Clapp, r. | 4 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Camp, l. | 3 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Deasley, h. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 12 | 2 | 0 |
| Clark, r. | 4 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 0 | Hawes, m. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Wheeler, a. | 3 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 1 | 1 | Smiley, b. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 2 | 2 |
| Watson, h. | 4 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 7 | 4 | 2 | Daly, p. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 1 |
| Badger, b. | 4 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 1 | 0 | 3 | | | | | | | | |
| | 34 | 9 | 9 | 13 | 27 | 17 | 9 | | 39 | 7 | 10 | 12 | 24 | 19 | 6 |
| Innings, | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | | | | |
| Yale, | | | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | — | 9 | | | |
| Baltimore, | | | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 2 | — | 7 | | |

Earned runs—None. Two-base hits—Richmond, 2. Three-base hits—Hutchison and Badger. First base on balls—Yale, 3. First base on errors—Yale, 6; Baltimore, 5. Struck out—Yale, 8; Baltimore, 5. Good balls—Lamb, 3; Daly, 6. Balls called—On Lamb, 101; Daly, 119. Strikes called—Off Lamb, 18; Daly, 13. Struck at and missed—Yale, 28; Baltimore, 17. Double plays—Parker and Walden, Smiley and Brouthers. Passed balls—Watson, 3; Deasley, 1. Time—2 hours 30 minutes. Umpire—G. J. Hiller.

Thursday, June 17:

| ALBANY. | | | | | | | YALE. | | | | | | |
|---------------|----|-----|------|------|----|----|----------------|----|-----|------|------|----|----|
| A.B. | R. | 1B. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. | A.B. | R. | 1B. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
| Pike, m. | 5 | 2 | 3 | 8 | 0 | 0 | Parker, c. | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 1 |
| Tobin, a. | 5 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 | Lamb, p. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 5 |
| Morrissey, c. | 5 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 2 | Hutchison, s.. | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Farrell, l. | 5 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 | Platt, b. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Dorgan, r. | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 0 | Camp, l. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Nelson, b. | 4 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 2 | Clark, r. | 4 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Keefe, p. | 5 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | Hopkins, a. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 7 | 0 |
| Says, s. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | Watson, h. | 4 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 3 |
| Keenan, h. | 5 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 1 | Badger, m. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| <hr/> | | | | | | | <hr/> | | | | | | |
| 43 | 7 | 11 | 18 | 27 | 17 | 3 | 37 | 5 | 9 | 12 | 27 | 13 | 7 |
| <hr/> | | | | | | | <hr/> | | | | | | |
| Innings, | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | | |
| Albany, | . | . | 1 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | — | 7 |
| Yale, | . | . | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | — | 5 |

Earned runs—Yale, 3; Albany, 2. Two-base hits—Badger, Farrell, Keenan. Three-base hits—Clark, Pike. Home run—Pike. Sacrifice hits—Tobin. First base on balls—Yale, 2; Albany, 4. First base on errors—Yale, 3; Albany, 6. Struck out—Yale, 9; Albany, 5. Good balls—On Lamb, 7; Keefe, 6. Balls called—On Lamb, 144; Keefe, 127. Strikes called—Off Lamb, 18; Keefe, 14. Struck at and missed—Yale, 35; Albany, 29. Double plays—Keefe, Nelson and Tobin; Lamb, Platt and Hopkins. Passed balls—Watson, 2; Keenan, 1. Wild pitches—Lamb, 1; Keefe, 2. Time—2 hours 40 minutes. Umpire—George A. Hiller.

The defeat at the hands of the Chicagos, June 18, was not so overwhelming as the score would indicate. Up to the seventh inning, in spite of the heavy hitting of the professionals, the play of our nine was excellent. Wretched umpiring made a difference of several runs in the score:

| CHICAGO. | | | | | | YALE. | | | | | |
|----------------|----|----|------|----|----|------------------|----|----|------|----|------|
| | R. | B. | P.O. | A. | E. | | R. | B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
| Dalrimple, l. | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 | Parker, 3b. | 0 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 0 |
| Gore, c. f. | 4 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | Lamb, p. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 |
| Williamson, c. | 0 | 0 | 6 | 4 | 1 | Hutchison, s. s. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Anson, 3b. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 0 | Platt, 2b. | 0 | 0 | 6 | 3 | 2 |
| Kelly, r. f. | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | Camp, l. f. | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 3 |
| Goldsmith, 1b. | 2 | 2 | 8 | 1 | 1 | Clark, r. f. | 0 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 0 |
| Corcoran, p. | 1 | 2 | 1 | 4 | 0 | Hopkins, 1b. | 0 | 1 | 7 | 0 | 1 |
| Burns, s. s. | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 | Watson, c. | 0 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 2 |
| Quest, 2b. | 1 | 0 | 5 | 3 | 3 | Badger, c. f. | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| | 12 | 13 | 27 | 19 | 6 | | 1 | 5 | 27 | 10 | 11 |
| Innings, | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| Chicago, | | | 0 | 3 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 4 | 0—12 |
| Yale, | | | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |

Earned runs—Chicago, 4. Two-base hits—Gore, Kelly, Camp, Badger. Three-base hit—Gore. First base on balls—Yale, 3. First base on errors—Chicago, 7; Yale, 4. Strikes called—on Corcoran, 12; Lamb, 10. Struck at and missed—Chicago, 17; Yale, 19. Balls called—on Corcoran, 118; Lamb, 84. Total bases run—Chicago, 66; Yale, 25. Passed balls—Watson, 1. Double plays—Quest, Goldsmith and Burns, Badger and Watson. Time—2 hours. Umpire—George J. Hiller.

The result of the second freshman game at Cambridge, June 12, leaves the freshman championship in a very unsatisfactory condition. Play was stopped by rain in the seventh inning, when Yale had a man on third with but one out:

| HARVARD, '83. | | | | | | | | YALE, '83. | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|------|----|-----|------|------|----|----|--------------------|------|----|-----|------|------|----|----|
| | A.B. | R. | 1B. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. | | A.B. | R. | 1B. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
| Edwards, 3b. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 1 | Thorne, s. s. | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Nichols, c. | 4 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 0 | McKee, l. f. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Ranney, s. s. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | Stone, 2b. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 1 |
| Page, 2b. | 4 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 1 | Chamberlain, c. f. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Heilbron, r. f. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Jones, p. | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 8 | 1 |
| Coolidge, 1b. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 6 | 0 | 0 | Smith, c. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 6 | 1 | 0 |
| Fuller, l. f. | 4 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Helleberg, 1b. | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 0 | 0 |
| Davis, c. f. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Slocum, 3b. | 3 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Jennison, p. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 0 | Yates, r. f. | 3 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| | 34 | 5 | 9 | 9 | 19 | 8 | 3 | | 27 | 5 | 5 | 9 | 21 | 15 | 5 |
| Innings, | | | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | | | |
| Harvard, | | | | | | 2 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0—5 | | | |
| Yale, | | | | | | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4—5 | | | |

Two-base hits—Stone, Smith, Slocum, Yates. First base on balls—Harvard, '83, 0; Yale, '83, 3. First base on errors—Harvard, '83, 4; Yale, '83, 3. Struck out—Harvard, '83, 5; Yale, '83, 2. Good balls—On Jennison, 1; on Jones, 5. Balls called—On Jennison, 86; on Jones, '60. Strikes called—On Jennison, 5; on Jones, 22. Struck at and missed—On Jennison, 11; on Jones, 25. Passed balls—Nichols, 1; Smith, 2. Wild pitches—Jones, 1. Time—1 hour 45 minutes. Umpire—S. Nickerson.

The approaching end of the year has been marked by the usual

University Meetings,

Held for the election of officers for the season of 1880-81. The result has been as follows: *Boat Club*—President, R. A. Bigelow, '81; Vice President, E. Bailey, '81 S. S. S.; Treasurer, Prof. A. M. Wheeler; Assistant Treasurer, A. C. Hand, '82; Secretary, M. H. Beach, '82. *Base Ball Club*—President, R. A. Peabody, '81; Vice-President, M. Olcott, '81 S. S. S.; Treasurer, E. W. Dixon, '81; Secretary, E. L. Dillingham, '82. *Foot Ball Club*—President, W. B. Hill, '81. Sec. and Treas., C. Bentley, Jr., '82. At the base ball meeting a new constitution was reported, and unanimously adopted. The nine have chosen for their captain B. B. Lamb, '81, while the foot ball team have elected R. W. Watson, '81 S. S. S. At a meeting held June 14th, the committee upon the purchase of athletic grounds made a favorable report and it was decided to take active measures for the raising of the necessary funds. For this purpose a new committee was appointed as follows: the presidents of the three field athletic associations; W. B. Hill, H. C. White, '81; C. W. Lyman, '82; C. S. Foote, '83.

Society Elections

Have been given out as follows: *Skull and Bones*—Edwin Edgerton Aiken, Rutland, Vt.; Danford Newton Barney, Farmington; Philip Golden Bartlett, Washington, D. C.; Joseph Dunn Burrell, Freeport, Ill.; John Caldwell Coleman, New York City; Sherman Evarts, New York City; Philo Carroll Fuller, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Henry Ives, New Haven; James Leighton, Glenburn, Pa.; Thomas Burr Osborn, New Haven; Norman Frederick Thompson, Rockford, Ill.; Adrian Sebastian Van de Graaff, Los Angeles, Cal.; Frederick Richardson Vernon, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Howard Talbot Walden, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Henry Charles White, New Haven. *Scroll and Key*—John Hampton Barnes, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Arthur Elmore Bostwick, Litchfield; Isaac Bromley, New Haven; Joseph Benjamin Dimmick, Honesdale, Pa.; Waldo Chapin Eames, Providence, R. I.; Louis Condit Hay, New York City; Charles Arthur Heald, Orange, N. J.; George Edward Ide, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Benjamin Bissell Lamb, Chicago, Ill.; Wm. Maltby Lovering, Taunton, Mass.; Thaddeus Halstead Myers, Yonkers, N. Y.; William Wilson Kirchofer Nixon, Chicago,

Ill.; George Barclay Preston, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Willis Betts Sterling, Cleveland, O.; Henry Nelson Tuttle, Chicago, Ill. *Psi Upsilon*—H. R. Baltz, M. S. Bate, M. H. Beach, J. F. Beede, Cyrus Bentley, Jr., J. R. Bishop, Benj. Brewster, Ferree Brinton, J. A. Campbell, D. A. Chenault, Jr., T. DeW. Cuyler, F. O. Darling, E. L. Dillingham, F. C. Farwell, A. Fitzgerald, A. P. French, H. C. Fries, G. H. Graves, H. S. Griggs, H. C. Jefferds, Barclay Johnson, H. H. Knapp, E. W. McBride, C. N. Morris, A. S. Osborne, W. H. Parsons, Jr., William Pollock, F. H. Snell, H. P. Sweetser, W. G. Vought, J. E. Whitney, F. E. Worcester. *Delta Kappa Epsilon*—F. F. Abbott, J. F. Allen, M. S. Allen, W. I. Badger, W. E. Bailey, H. W. Barnes, F. J. Bartlett, W. I. Bruce, S. M. Clement, Jr., F. M. Eaton, W. P. Eno, Burnside Foster, F. R. Gallaher, A. C. Hand, C. S. Hebard, T. Holland, S. C. Hopkins, F. A. Kellogg, J. P. Kellogg, C. H. Lewis, C. W. Lyman, H. L. Moodey, F. E. Page, S. M. Parke, H. B. Platt, W. G. Phelps, C. E. Richards, G. P. Richardson, C. W. Shipley, L. I. Shoemaker, C. Stillman, Tracy Waller, E. O. Weed, J. L. Wells, E. S. Williams, H. L. Williams, A. B. Wright.

Items.

At the Mott Haven games, Cuyler, '82, won the mile run in 4.37 $\frac{3}{4}$, the best college record. Wurts, '80, and Jones, '83, finished second in their respective events.—Prof. Allen has accepted a professorship at Harvard.—G. W. Pach was chosen class photographer of '81 by a vote of 56 to 44.—The most successful praise service of the year was held June 20.—The university crew went to New London, Tuesday, June 22.—The *Index* has been issued by P. King and N. G. Osborn, '80.—Officers of the Dunham Club have been elected as follows: Captain, H. P. Johnes, '81; Lieutenant, F. C. Farwell, '82; Purser, T. H. Myers, '81.—The right to publish the *Banner* next year has been purchased by Messrs. Whitney and Worcester, '82.

BOOK NOTICES.

Reminiscences of an Idler. By Henry Wickoff, author of "Adventures of a Roving Diplomatist," &c. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Octavo, extra cloth. Steel portrait. Price, \$1.75. For sale at Judd's.

The writer is an American gentleman of means who has spent his life in seeing what there is to be seen in the social world of both continents. The present volume, which covers the years 1828-1840, shows a life filled with varied experiences. Flitting from one capital to another, he met with most of the men and women who kept busy the eyes and ears and tongues of the world of fifty years ago. Kings, authors, presidents, society beauties, statesmen, actors, all appear before us at his bidding. Now he is whirling along in a carriage beside the future Napoleon III; now he is at Odessa, trying to tear his friend Forrest away from a romance with a beautiful Russian countess. At one time he is being introduced to Louis Philippe; at another he is trembling for his life in a Paris street *émeute*. President Jackson's trouble with the U. S. Government Bank is discussed at length. Mr. Wickoff was a Yale man—for three years. He was fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to be here when the Bread-and-Butter Rebellion was in progress. We find that Stamford had already at that time gained popularity among the students as a resort for *les misérables*. There is a trifle of the guide-book in the first part of the *Reminiscences*, and personal matters are sometimes handled quite openly, but the book is entertaining and that covers a multitude of faults.

Rollo's Journey to Cambridge. With illustrations and illuminated cover, by Francis G. Attwood. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

The new Rollo continues to be as amusing as ever. Those who have heretofore met him in the spurious volumes of Mr. Abbott had better at once buy this book. He has been basely misrepresented, and it is due to him and Uncle George to say that this is the only great and original Rollo.

A Comic History of the United States. By Livingston Hopkins. Illustrated. New York: American Book Exchange. Price, 50 cents.

A man stakes his head when he attempts to write a humorous book. It is likely that he will either not be funny enough, in which case his book will be dry reading, or will over-do it, and then his attempt will fall flat. General Washington's crossing of the Delaware does not seem to be a fresh or in any way appropriate subject for a joke. We were too much in earnest at that period of our national life to consider it a matter of jest now. A man should think as little of wasting his wit on this theme as of trying to extract laughter from the days of 'Ninety-three with their Danton and Robespierre. Still, one of our friends tells us that he made a discouraging inventory of his vest-buttons after he had read this book, and so perhaps, after all, it is funny. One man calls *Punch* silly, and another says that "Pickwick" is stupid, and a third considers *Puck* coarse. There is no fixed standard by which to decide whether a thing is humorous or not. Would that Plato had added one more to his list of abstract ideas: τὸ γελασθόν; then there would have been no such difficulty.

Monsieur Lecog. From the French of Emile Gaboriau. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Paper. Price 50 cents. For sale at Judd's.

We have it on unquestioned authority that when the duty of making arrests is to be done, a policeman's life is not peculiarly felicitous. But what it lacks in happiness is partially made up in adventure. Paris is the banqueting ground of the detective. It is here that he laughs when he thinks of the abundance of material to work on. The Seine is Lethe; it is the detective's pleasure to wrest from it what it attempts to conceal; it furnishes him conundrums for his diversion. At midnight he wanders about the alleys and cellars, listening with joy to groans and death-shrieks. He blesses Paris: it gives him plenty of nuts to crack. The detective leads a sort of hunter's life; only the merry horn that wakes the echoes on the hills is replaced by the shrill whistle at night that makes people shiver as they lie in bed. Here is a quarry, too, big game, watchful and shy, and now and then the hunter is lucky enough to run it down, and then it stands at bay, fierce and desperate, and there is a great struggle, and then when it is all over there lies at our feet—a man. If one wants to study this phase of existence at all, there is no better guide than Gaboriau, who shows in every detail the observant eye and quick mind of the detective. This is a thrilling story and in its construction at least is truly wonderful.

Leaves from the Diary of an Old Lawyer. Intemperance, the great Source of Crime. By A. B. Richmond, Esq., member of the Pennsylvania Bar. New York: American Book Exchange. Price \$1.00.

Mr. Richmond has conducted four thousand criminal cases during his term at the bar, and he certainly ought to know the chief cause of crime. His numberless stories, some amusing but most of them exceedingly painful, point one way. Even if he had not drawn a moral for us it would be only too apparent in every anecdote. His testimony is a powerful appeal for temperance.

Unto the Third and Fourth Generation. By Helen Campbell. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 16mo., extra cloth. Price \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

Robert Saunders is a young man whose life shows two things: the force of heredity and the force of the imagination; it is a twenty years' struggle between the good and the bad. The novel bears the mark of originality in the scenes of the action, in its characters and most of all in the story itself. The reader will not find anything unusual in the writer's manner nor any great cleverness in managing exciting scenes; but he will discover two great virtues, freshness and power. The book is well worth reading either as a diversion or as a study.

Acme Library of Modern Classics. New York: American Book Exchange. Price 50 cents.

There can be nothing more pleasant on a summer afternoon than to accompany the young Prince of Abyssinia on his wanderings, or to go to the fair and buy green goggles with Moses the trusty son, or to hear again the story of Huldbrand and Undine. The publishers deserve thanks for bringing out this book just at this time. There is no book we can better recommend to our friends, both on account of price and subject matter, than this. It contains the Vicar of Wakefield, Paul and Virginia, Rasselas, Picciola, Undine and The Two Captains.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

As we look out of our window this hot afternoon the elm leaves seem to vanish, and, as though reflected from the magic mirror of the Lady of Shalott, we have brought up before us the doings and thoughts of not only our own college but of the colleges the country over, the past year. There has been a tricky sprite abroad among our exchanges, an Ariel who has led our steps away from the grosser mould in which we have too long been cast, and his name is the spirit of enterprise. It would be difficult, perhaps, to tell in just what way this spirit has shown his hand, but the fact that many of the most prominent papers have been issuing regular supplements is most significant. Even the *Philippian* transferred its account of a recent ball game from its regular columns to those of an extra. Friendly rivalry among our papers is doing this work. It is not because we are better editors than the many who have gone before, but because the competition is sharper to-day, and the dislike which everyone has to fall behind, the desire to be among the "fittest" who survive, have crowned our temples with the bay. And so at the end of the year we can look back over the past with the feeling that while we have not perhaps outstripped the swift-footed son of Peleus, our course has at least carried us away from the plodding tortoise. However, college journalism as a dream and as a reality are two very different things. In that blissful Utopia when the *Niagara Index*, type at present of all that is bold and bad, shall have hurled its weapons into the depths beneath the American Fall, when the *Virginia University Magazine* shall have laid the shirt once bloody, but now spotless white upon the tomb of that 'raving fanatic,' old John Brown, and when *Smintheus*, Columbian desperado, shall have started upon a protracted cruise, via land, for the open Polar Sea, with a warning to the Esquimaux that he is to be left till called for; then shall Elihu, the stately, feel free to exchange courtesies with the dainty *Vassar Miss*, without having his peruke reviled as old-fashioned, or his shoe-buckles stamped as alloyed metal.

The colleges have all been very busy these last months. Base ball, boating, and all the many hearty, wholesome sports which are doing so much to put our American youth side by side with our cousins from over the water, have kept us out of doors laying up health and energy for the winter and its work. As a consequence (now good friend on the staff of the *Christian Soldier* do not on reading this write an exhaustive article on the "Degeneracy of our College Youth"), as a natural consequence, we say, there has not been so much activity of late in the purely literary department of the college press. Annuals, too, whose terrors even we, veterans though we should be, cannot approach with an altogether smiling face, have made our existence a somewhat disquieting one, and it is no wonder if our pens sometimes drop from our wearied fingers and we fall asleep to dream of an—alas! impossible hammock in which we might lie, with an equally impossible, but nevertheless bewitching Diane sitting near to read to us. But there is our spike-tail to pack, we must have a last shake of the hand with our friends in the class of '80, and the devil (perhaps, we shall introduce you more formally to this unique individual by and by) is importunate in his demands for copy. We wish you then one and all a pleasant summer, a summer in which even those who have the dubious honor of belonging to that class which never pleases anybody, the exchange editors, may find rest. "*Te abituri salutamus*."

YALE LIT. ADVERTISER.

Supplement to]

JUNE, 1880.

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